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# Fall of the Leaf

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# HENRY

## Has gone to the Wars.

J. Cadman, Printer, 152, Gt. Ancoats, Manchester.

My heart with my bosom is fled,  
And wanders and wanders afar,  
Reflections bedew my sad bed,  
For my Henry has gone to the  
war.

Ye winds that have born him away  
Restore the fond youth to my arms  
Restore him to make sunshine by  
day,

Tis night till my Henry returns.

No more shines the glittering view,  
No more blooms the open flower,  
The April sunshine is not seen,  
I have only to do with the flowers

Ye winds to my Henry dear,  
One tear, let it drop on his breast,  
That tear as a pearl she will wear,  
And she in remembrance is blest.

Not a friend in this world have I got,  
My relations I hold them in scorn,  
No girl is more unhappy than I,  
While my Henry returns to my  
arms.



# Fall of the Leaf.

[A favourite song, sung by Richard Newton.]

*As I was a walking one morning in the breeze,  
I observed the leaves as they fell from the trees,  
They were nipp'd by the frost, and withered withal,  
As the cold came upon them, it caused them to fall.*

## CHORUS.

*By further observation at last I did perceive,  
That man he has his seasons as well as the trees ;  
For a while in this he may appear both fresh and gay,  
But like the leaves he will wither and at last fall away.*

*Those leaves in some places lay thick upon the ground.  
Yet while looking on the trees theres more to be found ;  
And all in a motion they seem for to be,  
While those that are withered, are still falling from the tree.*

*To look at those leaves but a little while ago,  
How beautiful and green on the trees they did grow,  
But now their short season, it's come on apace  
They are falling from the trees every day more or less.*

*To view the Church Yard what dead bodies may be seen,  
That have fallen from the world like the leaves from the  
trees*

*And now with old age and infirmities withal,  
Like the leaves they are withering continually to fall.*

*Now the season is over and the leaves are all gone,  
Back again to trees never more to return,  
But it is not so with man for the scriptures tells us plain,  
Out of the bed of dust we must all rise again.*

*The scriptures plainly tells us of something more besides  
We must stand in judgement there to be tried,  
Before our Blessed Saviour both rich and poor must stand,  
And happy will they be who go to his right hand.*

